

Some Hearts

by bntjammer

Category: Hobbit

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Characters: KÃ-li, OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 19:12:54

Updated: 2016-04-19 18:04:28

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:46:46

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,163

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Summary: Caralith of the Dunedain often finds herself pulled into many other endeavors in the south. One day, she notices an odd company of dwarves, a wizard, and a hobbit. After a nasty run in with some Trolls, she finds herself as a second guide to the group. However, she stays with them much longer then she intends. Follow their journey to the Lonely Mountain! Eventual KilixOC.

1. Chapter 1

****A/N:** Welcome Everyone to my newest story, Some Hearts. Thanks for clicking into the story! I appreciate just the opportunity to bring you to my little world. I have been obsessed with the Hobbit movies recently and found myself dreaming up this story. ******

****I will warn you:** the romance will be slow building and I will change some things in the story but not majorly. I haven't decided on the ending either but have two options I am debating. ******
>I sometimes picture Gemma Arterton as Cara, but feel free to imagine who you please! (Just Let me know who you think of!)

****Summary:**** Caralith of the Dunedain often finds herself pulled into many other endeavors in the south. One day, she notices an odd company of dwarves, a wizard, and a hobbit. After a nasty run in with some Trolls she finds herself being a second guide to the group. However, she stays along much longer then she intends after befriending a few within the group. Follow the company on their journey to reclaim the Lonely Mountain. Eventual Kili/OC.

****Prologue: Dwarves in the Wild?****

I narrowed my eyes as I saw the figures moving through the trees, fifteen in total each varying in size and shape. I watched closely as they marched along. They were not being secretive or stealthy, simply

traveling along. However, something in the back of my mind made me weary of them.

Remaining in the shadows, I watched the group as they came closer to my position. The leader was tall and dressed in all gray with a pointed hat. A smile found my lips as I recognized him as Gandalf the Gray, one of the five Istari, and a dear friend. I was now torn. I had orders to keep the rangers' presence along this path secretive but it had been nearly five years since I last saw the wizard. My thoughts were halted as I noted the most of the company to be short stout beings, Dwarves. But the fifteenth member was more petit and dainty—a hobbit. Peculiar group of comrades I must say.

I argued with myself whether to engage them or leave them to their own. However, my curiosity won out and I followed them. After a couple hours, I decided the only way to find out their intentions would be to make myself known. They weren't doing much just walking along the road and camping for the night only once the sun left the sky. Surely, if their purpose is honorable, they would not mind a visit from the local ranger.

****Just a short little teaser! Hope you will enjoy the rest of the story! ****
>-B

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 1:

I followed them to the Trollshaws. They were making camp for the night when I noticed that Gandalf had gone off somewhere. The wizard likes to come and go as he pleases, one thing that has not changed. It would do me no good without the wizard there to verify my identity. So I kept my distance and climbed into a sturdy tree to rest for the night. My introduction would just have to wait until morning.

I pulled out my bag of dried berries and slowly chewed on a few as I watched the dwarf camp below. I noted two were missing, the younger of dark haired ones and the blonde one. I turned around to glance around the forest looking for the missing dwarves when I noticed they were simply watching over their small flock of ponies.

I slowly settled down between two branches and pulled my cloak over me before closing my eyes in hope of just a little bit of sleep. They would not be traveling further this night.

I was shaken from my dreams as I was starting to fall from the tree that was currently being pushed down. I held on until I had to let go to avoid being crushed. Before I had a chance to see what caused my sudden descent, I felt something wrap around me tight and pulling me up into the air. I struggled and fought against whatever held me. I turned my head and saw that it was a mountain troll that held me. Valar, please save me from their stupidity. Really, it had to be a troll, not an orc or even a warg—a _troll_?

"Look Bert! Look what I found! S'a girl!" The brut waved me around like I was some sort of prize he was proud of. This is when I noted the troll wasn't alone; there were two other witless buffoons. One I

could easily outsmart, but three may be slightly harder.

"Ah, nice and tender females is! Bring 'er along with the nags, we be feasting tonight!" The second one said.

"Let go!" I shouted as I pushed against his hand. I punched and slapped, even tried to reach down and grab my dagger that was in my boot, but with no success.

"Can't do that pretty." He said squeezing me tighter in his grip, causing me to lose my breath. Then they started to walk away from the dwarf camp. Where are those two that were keeping watch? Surely they'll notice three giant trolls making off with their ponies and uprooting trees as they go?

"Mutton yesterday, mutton today and blimey, if it don't look like mutton again tomorrow." The third troll whined today as he grabbed two of the dwarves' ponies.

>"Quit your griping; these ain't sheep! These is fresh nags. Plus, we got 'er for something sweet." The third one said.
"Oh! I don't like horse. I never 'ave. Not enough fat on them." He said grabbing some rope and tying my hands and feet up before sticking me in with the horses.

>"Well, it's better than leathery old farmer. All skin and bone, he was. I'm still picking bits of him out of me teeth." They started arguing amongst themselves. I wasn't even listening to be honest. I just kept trying to reach my dagger in my boot with no avail with my arms tied behind me. All that mattered was getting out of here before I ended up as troll food. I slowly gazed up and saw movement near the other side of the pen. It was the hobbit! Well, at least someone was here.<p>

"Pst! Pst! Come here!" I said trying to get his attention. He saw me and put his finger to his lips for me to be quiet. I nodded my head backwards to try to get him to come closer, if he could get my dagger we could cut the bonds and free the horses and the trolls would have no clue. But he kept trying at the knots.

"Please come here!" I said out of desperation. He shook his head no before walking towards the trolls and out of my line of sight. I rolled my eyes.

This was not going to end well.

End
file.